

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 512.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1841.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE LEADING MAN OF THE VILLAGE.

EVERY village has a personage of that kind which Cesar would rather have been than the second man in Rome. He is usually a retired tradesman or small annuitant, living in tolerably gentlemanly style, in a small white-washed house, with a green paling before the door, just out of the principal or only street. There is no constituted authority in the place above the character of a constable; but the inhabitant of the white-washed house with the green paling serves for mayor, justice, and every thing, merely through the force of public opinion, and because he has no business of his own to attend to. Not that he assumes any magisterial airs, or attempts to take more than his proper share of duty as a citizen of the state in upholding the dignity of the laws; the truth is simply, that he is the only man of leisure and style, almost the only man of education, in the village; and, being of popular manners, a right of interference and command in all things has been devolved upon him by general consent. If, for example, there should be any defect in the village pavement, or a plank wanting in the foot-bridge across the river, our friend is the man who sees about the business of getting it put to rights. If the village feel an anxiety to be made the seat of a post-office, he would be the man expected to forward a memorial on the subject to the proper quarter. Were the road-trustees to contemplate a new line which threatened to trench upon an ancient Roman camp much visited by strangers, and which the village accordingly feels a little proud of, then a strong remonstrance to the board would be drawn up by him, and him would the village have to thank ever after for preserving so interesting a relic of antiquity. If of popular polities, he would also find himself at the head of all movements connected with elections in his little district. To him would candidates apply in the very first place, as the man who was to determine how the bulk of the villagers were to vote. He would be sure to be invited to the hustings at the market-town; and perhaps it might even be thought proper to ask him to second the nomination, or thank the sheriff for his conduct on the occasion. As a matter of course, when any public meeting takes place in his own district, the chair is assigned to him. But, indeed, the political character of the village is entirely ruled by this its leading man. Hence we would hint that, if you should ever observe with surprise that some particular village bustles very often into the newspapers, one time with a petition against this, another time with a petition in favour of that, a third time with an address, and so forth, be at no loss to account for the undue share of notice which this little place appears to be claiming—it is only the man of the white house with the green paling contriving to make his still small voice of some account by sending it through the general throat.

Our leading man is often a local antiquary upon a small scale, or at least he is pretty sure to be well informed with respect to his particular locality. He has at his finger-ends all that is said about it in one of the latest Gazetteers; and it is ten to one that he has even been asked to revise the article upon it, consisting of ten lines, in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Accordingly, when any stranger—a man of consequence, of course—happens to stop at the inn, and expresses a wish to spend an afternoon in sauntering about the place, Boniface is sure to dispatch a messenger to the white-washed house, to engage his friendly and ever-ready services as cicerone. He comes with alacrity, being fully as glad to get an ear into which to pour his information, as the stranger is

to get a tongue to instruct him. He knows, to a foot-breadth, the points in the wood along the river side to which to take the stranger, that he may command the best views. At the old abbey, he knows the precise spot where one should turn about, double himself down, and contemplate the building between his legs. The stranger is surprised to learn, of a place he has hitherto thought obscure, so many things tending to make it of importance. There is at least one view which a celebrated traveller declared he had never seen surpassed. Lady Dashtoff, the well-known amateur artist, spent a week in the neighbourhood sketching, and declared that though she had stayed a month longer, she would not have exhausted its beauties. Then, a poet of the last century (remembered, but not read) had been clergyman of the parish, and the cousin of an eminent general officer was its present schoolmaster. It seems amazing that the village is not better known in the great world. If the stranger inclines to try his hand with the angle in the river, our friend can tell him whether the cock's hackle or the worm will be best just at that time; and he will even lend him the necessary materials for the sport. But the probability is, that he rather inclines to a quiet dinner at the inn, in which case our friend is equally ready to do his best to make the evening pass agreeably. He will sit sipping and chatting, with the greatest patience, for several hours, telling the stranger all sorts of things about every body, and, in particular, making him fully acquainted with a law-suit he lately had with a neighbouring proprietor. When at length the stranger wishes him good-night, he moves homeward by the light of the moon, in a self-satisfied state of mind, much inclined to believe that he is a person who deserves well of his country, and hopeful that his wife will not be so absurd as think that he has stayed out too late.

Whenever any kind of festivity of a public nature is to take place in the village, the gentleman of the white-washed house bustles up into a state of intense activity, and takes upon his own single shoulders nearly the whole burden of preparation. He is decidedly fond of such occasions, for, being a good-natured man, he likes to see his neighbours enjoying themselves, while there is still another and perhaps stronger reason in the notice which such affairs attract to his favourite spot of earth. A ball, a foot-ball match, a set-to at cricket, any sort of holiday affair which will bring a crowd to the village, is sure to engage his attention, and keep him in bustle for three weeks before and in talk for three weeks after. To get up such things, he suggests, agitates, stimulates, petitions, without cessation. He will take no denial from any one. Is it a ball!—ladies' colds are regarded by him as no more than the sighs of the summer wind. Is it a dinner!—pressing engagements are held as cheap as waste paper. One of the highest objects of his ambition is to bring beau to a ball from some distant town, perhaps looked up to in the village as a centre of fashion. Then is the time for slender clerks and students of medicine, with cultivations in side locks or whiskers, to make themselves for at least one night persons of importance. Our friend is of course the king of the ball, where he acts as an universal solvent for the doing away with stiffness, and the bringing of youths and maidens into an agreeable partnership. He goes about the whole night, telling that that young man in the purple vest is nephew to a person of consequence, till every body has heard the fact three times over. It is to be observed that he never dances, being somewhat too old for that; but from his blithe look, it is questionable if any one enjoys the scene more than he does.

To our friend there would be comparatively little temptation to get up festivities of any kind, if they were not to be chronicled. Notoriety to the village, it must be remarked, is a grand object of the life of our friend; and it is chiefly for that purpose that he exerts himself to get up such merry meetings. Immediately, then, after any such meeting has taken place, it becomes his duty to set himself down for a forenoon, and pen a striking paragraph on the subject for the newspapers. His style as a paragraphist is easily known, from the *emphaticness* of his descriptions, and the air of greatness which it throws over every thing. Having by these means established a connection with the public prints, he has been gradually induced to become a general recorder of remarkable connected with the village. Stalks of corn with innumerable pickles, turnips of enormous dimensions, eggs with odd things found in their interior, and other marvels of the like kind, find in him a faithful and painstaking historian. He does full justice to battles of rats and weasels observed by gentlemen walking in the cools of evenings; and the entry of a hard-run fox into a farmer's kitchen becomes in his hands a narrative equal in interest to the invasion of Italy by Napoleon. His report of a shower of live frogs was doubted in a rival newspaper, but an inquiry into the circumstance brought off his veracity with flying colours, and showed the sceptic to be only envious. His notices of river-floods, which are common in that part of the country, form a brilliant series, and have occasionally been quoted in distant prints. There was one in particular, involving a description of the fate of a child carried down the river in its cradle, which made quite a sensation, and was adopted into several of the London papers. The reader may perhaps wish to see a specimen of his talents in this way, and we have therefore been at pains to select a few from a file which we possess of the paper honoured by his contributions.

The first is an account of a festival at which he was present, though not one in which he or his village was prominently concerned:—

"Friday, the 10th instant, was a great day for the district of Strathlickthedust, being the twenty-first anniversary of the birth-day of the eldest son and hope of the illustrious house of Coldhaoulder. All proper preparations having been made, Phobus, when he rose that morning, saw a fire, rivalling his own, blazing on the top of every hill in the strath, while parties, headed by bagpipers, with banners flying, and all in their best array, were pouring along from all quarters towards the rendezvous, to celebrate this truly glorious and never-sufficiently-to-be-delighted-in occasion. At an early hour in the forenoon, the company began to assemble on the appointed ground, where refreshments of all kinds were supplied in abundance. The lads then began to play matches at football, while the nymphs of the strath looked on; and, with

‘Bright eyes,
Raim'd influence and judged the prize.’

At two, about which time there was a slight fall of snow, the whole assembled company sat down to a comfortable dinner on the lawn, after which, in copious brimmers, they proceeded to drink the healths of the young heir, the excellent lord himself, whose merits as a landlord are universally admitted, his incomparable lady, and other members and connexions of the house. By and by, unable to restrain the feelings of exuberant mirth which possessed their bosoms, they got up and fell to dancing on the lawn, to the sounds of the inspiring pipe and fiddle. At this juncture they were unexpectedly delighted by a

visit from the youthful heir of Coldshoulder, accompanied by several of his young and gallant friends, who most condescendingly selected the prettiest girls they could see for partners, and footed it away as deftly as any of those 'to the manner born.' The joyous party kept it up on 'the light fantastic toe,' till pale Cynthia hung her crescent in the western sky, thereby affording a hint that it was time to leave the scene of their revels. Many, however, adjourned to the Coldshoulder Arms in the village, to drink an additional bumper to the young nobleman, whose arrival at the years of presumed discretion they had assembled to celebrate. A bowl was filled, emptied, and filled again; the song, and toast, and joke went round; and 'the wee short hour ayont the twal' found them only in the meridian of their joy. At length, when Aurora was just beginning to peep over the distant hills, they resolved to separate, but not till all present had, for the third time, pledged a flowing cup to the health and prosperity of this excellent young nobleman, who, admired while yet totally unknown to them, cannot fail to be admired by them more and more as they have experience of the many virtues distinguishing, from time immemorial, all the members of the illustrious house of Coldshoulder."

The next is very properly entitled

E X T R A O R D I N A R Y P R O D U C T I O N O F N A T U R E.—Last week, in a field on the farm of Tod's Mains, a potato was raised of such weight, figure, and general character, as we never before heard of. Although it belonged to a stalk to which were attached no fewer than twenty-five other tubers, all of them rather above the ordinary size, it was found, when carefully washed free of the soil, to weigh fourteen pounds, six ounces, and three-quarters, being nearly a stone Troy. It was twenty-nine inches in girth at the thickest part, and twelve in diameter between the extremest points. But, what was by far the most extraordinary external feature of this unprecedented vegetable, it was cumbered all over with excrescences, which, when viewed *en profile*, presented faithful portraits of the worthy farmer, his wife, and blooming family of seven small children. The head of the baby is in possession of the individual who pens this notice, and who designs to keep it with care, as an evidence of the truth of his almost incredible statement. Exclusive of portraits, this astounding potato was found sufficient, the evening after it was lifted, to form in itself, when mashed, a supper for the whole family, inclusive of the labourers. It is a curious circumstance, worthy of especial remark, that this is the very next farm to that which, about five years ago, produced the extraordinary large turnip which made so much noise in all the newspapers of the day, and only two farms distant from another which once yielded, from one grain of wheat, no fewer than fifteen stalks, each containing, at an average, three hundred and sixty-five pickles, being in all the unparalleled number of five thousand four hundred and seventy-five pickles—probably the largest increase ever produced in the article wheat since the beginning of the world!"

Our last example speaks for itself:

"On Tuesday last, the school of Butterthwick was examined by a most respectable company, including several of the most distinguished individuals in our neighbourhood. The children of the first or beginners' class, few of whom were above six years old, were found to have learned the alphabet and the spelling of monosyllables by pure intuition, all in the course of a single twelvemonth. The second class, to the astonishment of all present, proved themselves able to read little lessons consisting of words of two syllables, and to be quite proficient in the multiplication-table as far as two times two are four. It was, however, in the higher classes that the transcendent abilities of the master and his assistants were most clearly shown. The readiness with which the boys went through their various exercises in the classics, in geography, and in grammar, excited unfeigned wonder and delight in the minds of all present, not a few of whom felt that they could scarcely have performed the same tasks themselves. One particular examiner, having asked the meaning of *penna*, and being promptly answered by a dozen of voices at once, *a pen*, declared he had never heard any thing so extraordinary in his life. Another gentleman having inquired, scarcely hoping for an answer, where was the Cape of Good Hope; and being informed that it was the southern point of Africa, averred that it was more than he himself had known at twenty years of age. All present received a very powerful impression of the vast improvements in education which mark the present age, and seemed to be generally of opinion that it would soon be much more fit for boys to examine grown men than for grown men to examine boys. The school of Butterthwick has long been distinguished for arithmetic, and its ancient reputation appears in no danger under the auspices of the present unparalleled master. The upper classes on this occasion, at the dictation of one of the assistants, performed various problems in simple addition, with a speed and accuracy which left the examiners wailing in astonishment. It is satisfactory to add, that their writing is also of a high character. In short, the examiners concur in one opinion, that the academy of Butterthwick is the best conducted, the most efficient, the most unimpeachable, the most truly and absolutely perfect, not only in the district, but in the kingdom; and not only in the

kingdom, but, to the best of their knowledge, in the whole civilised world!"

These are masterpieces in their way—very models of the style in which important events and incidents of the sort should be commemorated. Upon the power of producing such compositions is based much of the influence of the leading man of the village. The farmer is proud of the pen which told the world of his tremendous turnip; and mine host is well aware of the effect of "the dinner and wines were supplied by our worthy landlord, in that style of superlative order and excellence, which have made his inn the favourite resort of all who traverse our road;" while the majority of the people have either an advertisement to write, or some similar little task for the pen, which renders the leading man's importance and power stable and secure. In fact, he could not be done without. He is not of the village—he is the village itself, embodied and personified. His brains think for it; his hands act for it; he takes care of its credit, does its business, keeps it in repair, minds its interests, and, in short, carries it respectably on in the world. If the entire village, houses, streets, school, church, and people, were actually agglomerated into one moving, reflecting, and acting body, what more could it do for itself than he does!

However unwillingly, we must draw our notice of this excellent individual to a conclusion. To say the least of his qualifications, he is, with all his little foibles, a truly worthy soul; for all his activity and all his usefulness would not secure to him a peaceful reign, did he not possess good-nature and many social qualities. He would be deposed, and some one would spring up to rule in his stead. The properties, however, which gained him his throne, ensure him against a fall. Peace be with him, wherever his sway may be fixed, from Penzance to Papa Westra!

GUNPOWDER.

A FALLACIOUS opinion, of old standing, ascribes the invention of gunpowder to Friar Bacon, whose writings concerning the "Secret Works of Art and Nature" bear the date of 1270, or nearly so. Barthold Schwartz is also frequently styled the inventor of gunpowder. As this German monk flourished about the year 1320, it is obvious that his claims would necessarily fall to the ground, if those of Friar Bacon were of real value. The ingenious Roger certainly was aware of some combustible compounds resembling gunpowder, but his descriptions are mystic and obscure. In one place, he gives an account of preparation of the bulk of a man's thumb, which, "through the violent action of the salt called saltpetre, explodes with a noise like sharp thunder, and a bright evocation of flame." Even if it could be supposed that this applied to a compound of which saltpetre formed but one principal ingredient, the value of the passage, as affecting Bacon's claims, would still be destroyed by the accompanying remark, that this detonating substance was "made in many parts of the world." In another passage, Bacon alludes to an explosive substance made from saltpetre and other ingredients; and it has been conjectured (says Beckmann), from an anagram under which the secret is supposed to be enveloped, that these other ingredients were charcoal and sulphur.

Admitting this conjecture to be correct, the friar makes no claim to a discovery here, and we believe the truth to be, that gunpowder was known long before his day. It remained in comparative obscurity, however, previously to its perfect application to the purposes of war among civilised nations, and hence the difficulty of discovering the date of its invention. But even in the ninth century, or shortly afterwards, some similar compound was known in Europe as being of great value in war, a writer named Marcus Gracius having composed a manuscript treatise, with the title—"Book on the Fires whose efficacy lies in Burning Enemies by Sea and Land." This might allude to the famous and mysterious composition called *Greek Fire*, which some have conceived to be gunpowder, but without probability. Beckmann says, that this substance was invented by a Christian Greek of the later empire, in the year 678. The Princess Anna Comnena, a good authority, describes it as a liquid, composed of resin, sulphur, and oil. This was spouted from engines to very considerable distances in a flaming state, and was most destructive, both by sea and land. The Sieur Joinville speaks with wonder of its destructive qualities, when used by the Saracens in Palestine, in the thirteenth century. It is curious, however, that modern chemists have not been able to form a liquid with any such qualities from the receipts given.

Looking still farther back, we find it stated by Vitruvius, that, at the defence of Syracuse, Archimedes constructed an engine which threw stones with a "great noise." No common projectile engines with which we are acquainted, could be so described. But these hints of gunpowder being used among European nations, refer to periods perfectly recent compared with the allusions made to it among the Hindoos and Chinese. In the code of the Hindoos, the use of gunpowder is referred to a period contemporary with the life of Moses; and some countenance is given to the statement by an incident in Alexander's career. He was reluctant, says Philostratus, to attack the Indian nation of Oxydrene, because the gods aided them to shoot thunder and lightning from their walls against their foes. This anecdote refers to a period

preceding the Christian era by three hundred years. It is almost unquestionable, moreover, that rockets were in use at a very early epoch in the armies of India. The Chinese, also, are said not only to have known of gunpowder, but to have used cannon, at a very early date. Most certainly they employed rockets and shells for military purposes in the twelfth century of our era, as is proved by the work of an old Arabic writer, to be found in the Escorial collection.

From the number of concurring testimonies, it can scarcely be doubted, on the whole, that gunpowder was primarily an oriental invention, and was brought to the western world by the Arabs, though, in the time of the Crusades, that people do not appear to have turned the invention to account for the discharge of cannon or any kind of fire-arms; unless, indeed, it was used as the projectile force in the discharge of the Greek fire from tubes. This conjecture would partly account for the immensity of the distances to which the fiery jets were thrown; and it is natural even to suppose that the discoverers of the impulsive force of a combustible would first think of making it the agent of spreading combustion, not of casting destructive weights. However this may be, it seems more than probable that the knowledge of gunpowder came to the west from the east, where it assuredly was first known and invented.

It was long ere gunpowder was made with such proportions of its three ingredients, nitre, charcoal, and sulphur, as to be perfectly fitted for its ordinary modern purposes; and even at this day different nations compound it with considerable variations. The government powder of England is made in the proportions, to the hundred, of 75 of nitre, 15 of charcoal, and 10 of sulphur. It is curious that the Chinese powder approaches more closely to this than any European receipt, being indeed almost the same. The Chinese proportions, in the same order of articles, are 75, 14, 10. In France much attention has been paid to this manufacture by first-rate chemists; but there has been considerable incongruity in their opinions, and the plan of assigning different proportions to powders intended for different purposes, has not been found to produce much practical good, the case of mining powder excepted. The common French gunpowder is, according to a receipt of Chaptal, 77 nitre, 14 charcoal, 9 sulphur. One powder, recommended by Guyton Morveau, is made in France as follows:—80 nitre, 15 charcoal, 5 sulphur; and mining powder is made thus: 65 nitre, 15 charcoal, 20 sulphur. Four other receipts, all differing from one another, were recommended by able chemists. Russia uses a powder made thus: 70 nitre, 18½ charcoal, 11½ sulphur; Sweden chooses 75 nitre, 16 charcoal, 9 sulphur; Poland, 80 nitre, 12 charcoal, 8 sulphur; and Holland, 70 nitre, 15 charcoal, 15 sulphur.

The evolution of gas is the source of the explosive power, and the gas of gunpowder results almost entirely from the combustion of the charcoal and its conversion to carbonic acid by the decomposing power of the nitre. As the sulphur does not yield gas but absorbs it, the most explosive powder is one composed of the greatest quantities of nitre and sulphur; but the sulphur is indispensable to the rapidity of the inflammation and the heat, and it thus compensates for the abstraction of gas. A proportion of nitre as large, and as small a one of sulphur, as compatible with this object, makes the smartest and cleanest explosion, as sportsmen know by the state of their pieces after using kinds differently compounded. But, nitre being the dearest article, there is a temptation to give too small a proportion of that article, and hence so much bad powder. All the British nitre, nearly, is procured from India in an impure state, and is refined by solution and recrystallisation. It is a salt formed of potass and nitric acid, and its proper chemical name is nitrate of potass. Sulphur is likewise procured in a mineral form, and the great emporium for it is the volcanic isle of Sicily. It also requires purification. Charcoal, or the residue of burnt wood, is got every where, and the kinds most in use are those formed from black dog-wood, the willow, alder, and fibert. Hard woods, such as oak and elm, and all which contain much saline matter, are useless for making powder. The alder is perhaps the wood most used in Britain.

The first part of the process of gunpowder-making consists in the pulverisation of the ingredients separately. Each article is then weighed and mixed roughly together. A stone or iron roller, moved by horse, steam, or water power, is then used to mix and triturate more fully the whole ingredients on a stone floor. After a dry trituration, the mixture is moistened slightly, and a second grinding effects the end. From three to seven hours is the time occupied in this hazardous process. The removal of the mixture, or mill-cake, as it is called, is the time when explosions are most apt to take place; and the contact of the roller with the bed is a common cause, the friction, under the great weight, being able to ignite gunpowder. To diminish risk and loss, the mill-house is usually a light wooden structure.

The mill-cake is hardened when taken out; but it is put into a press and hardened almost to stone, before undergoing the process of granulation. To effect the latter end, it is cut into small cakes of an inch or so in thickness, and put into vellum sieves shut above, and having a cheese-shaped piece of *lignum vite* wood in each. A horizontal rotatory motion is then given to the sieve, and the gradually bruised cakes drop through in grains into a receptacle below. By means

of wire-gauze sieves, with holes of different sizes, an arrangement is then made of the powder into different sizes of grains. Three kinds are used by the military, one of a large grain for ordnance, a lesser grained sort for musketry, and a finer still for pistols. Sportsmen use one finer than even the last. By a finishing process, the grains of powder are rounded, or glazed as it is called. The powder is placed in cylindrical sieves, calculated to let only fine dust through, and the edges are rubbed off by the contact of the grains with each other. The introduction of a little black lead gives a glaze to the grains, which spontaneous like. The grains are more rapidly inflamed when small in size, and rapid ignition is indispensable to the production of complete effect in any discharge. There is a limit, however, to the diminution of the size of the grains, as, while numerous surfaces require to be presented, there must also be a certain amount of space allowed for the passage of the flame among the grains. The French use gunpowder with perfectly globular or spherical grains; but the superiority of this plan has not been well demonstrated.

The explosions that happen in gunpowder factories are generally traceable to the grinding and granulating houses, and their cause is seldom very obvious. To avoid such lamentable accidents, the workmen usually go about barefooted. Many similar precautions are necessary in this precarious field of human industry, too long one of paramount importance.

"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PART II.

NEVER had the bells of Abbeyweld, within the memory of living man—within the memory of old Mrs Myles herself, and she was the oldest living woman in the parish—rung so merry a peal as on the morning that Helen Marsh was married to the handsome and Honourable Mr Ivers. He was young as well as handsome—honourable both by name and nature—rich in possession and expectancy. On his part it was purely and entirely what is called a “love match”—one of the strangest of all strange things perpetrated by a young man of rank and fashion. His wealth and position in society enabled him to select for himself; and he did so, of course, to the disappointment of as many, or perhaps a greater number of mothers than daughters, inasmuch as it is the former whose speculations are the deepest laid and most dangerous in arts matrimonial.

Every body was astonished. Mrs Howard—Helen's “kind friend”—Mrs Howard, little short of distracted for three weeks at the very least, did nothing but exclaim, “Who would have thought it!” “Who, indeed!” was the reply, in various tones of sympathy, envy, and surprise. Poor Mrs Howard, to the day of her death, never suffered another portionless beauty to enter her doors while even the shadow of an eldest son rested on its threshold. Mrs Myles was of course in an ecstasy of delight; her prophecy was fulfilled. Helen, *her* Helen, was the honourable wife of a doubly honourable man. What triumphant glances did she cast over the railings of the communion-table at Mr Stokes—with what an air she marched down the aisle—how patronising and condescending was her manner to those neighbours whom she considered her inferiors—how bitterly did she lament that the Honourable Mr Ivers would not have any one to breakfast with them but Mr Stokes—and how surpassingly, though silently, angry was she with Mr Stokes for not glorying with her when the bride and bridegroom drove off in their “own carriage,” leaving her in a state of prideful excitement, and Rose Dillon in a flood of tears.

“Well, sir!” exclaimed the old lady—“well, sir, you see it has turned out exactly as I said it would; there's station—there's happiness. Why, sir, if his brother dies without children, his own valet told me, Mr Ivers would be a lord and Helen a lady. Didn't she look beautiful? Now, please, reverend sir, do speak; didn't she look beautiful?”

“She did.”

“Ah! it's a great gift that beauty; though,” she added, resorting to the strain of morality which persons of her character are apt to consider a salvo for sin—“though it's all vanity, all vanity. ‘Flesh is grass’—a beautiful text that was your reverence preached from last Sunday—‘All flesh is grass.’ Ah, well-a-day! so it is. We ought not to be puffed up or conceited—no, no. As I said to Mrs Leicester, ‘Don't be puffed up, my good woman, because your niece has what folk call a pretty face, nor don't expect that she's to make a good market of it—it's but skin deep; remember our good rector's sermon, ‘All flesh is grass.’” Ah, deary me! people do need such putting in mind; and, if you believe me, sir, unless indeed it be Rose, poor child, who never had a bit of love in her head yet, I'll be bound every girl is looking above her station—there's a pity, sir. All are not born with a coach and horses—no, no;” and so, stimulated a little, perhaps, by a glass of *real*, not gooseberry, champagne, poor Mrs Myles would have galloped on with a strange commentary upon her own conduct (of the motives to which she was perfectly ignorant), had not the rector suddenly exclaimed, “Where is Rose?”

“Crying in her own room, I'll be bound; I'm sure she is. Why, Rose—and I really must get your

reverence to speak to her, she is a sad girl—Rose Dillon, I say—so silent and homely-like—ah, dear! Why, granddaughter—now, is it not undutiful of her, good sir, when she knows how much I have suffered parting from my Helen. Rose Dillon!”

But Rose Dillon was not weeping in her room, nor did she hear her grandmother's voice when the carriage, that bore the bride to a new world, drove off. Rose ran down the garden, intending to keep the equipage in sight as long as it could be distinguished from an eminence that was called the Moat, and which commanded an extensive view of the high road. There was a good deal of brushwood creeping up the elevation, and at one side it was overshadowed by several tall trees; in itself it was a sweet sequestered spot—a silent watching-place. She could hardly hear the carriage-wheels, though she saw it whirled along, just as it passed within sight of the tall trees. Helen's arm, with its glittering bracelet, waved an adieu; this little act of remembrance touched Rose, and, falling on her knees, she sobbed forth a prayer, earnest and heartfelt, for her cousin's happiness.

“God bless you, Rose!” exclaimed the trembling voice of the discarded lover, who, pale and woe-worn, had been unintentionally concealed among the trees—“God bless you, Rose!—that prayer has done me good. Amen to every word of it! She is quite, quite gone now—another's bride—the wife of a gentleman—and so best; the ambition which fits her for her present station unfitted her to be my wife. I say this, and think this—I know it! But though I do know it, her face—that face I loved from infancy, until it became a sin for me to love it longer—that face comes between me and reason, and its brightness destroys all that reason taught.”

Rose could not trust herself to reply. She longed to speak to him, but she could not—she *dared* not. He continued—“Did she leave no message, speak no word, say nothing, to be said to me?”

“She said,” replied her cousin, “that she hoped you would be happy; that you deserved to be so!”

“Deserved to be so!” he repeated bitterly; “and that was the reason why *she* made me miserable. Oh! the folly, the madness of the man who trusts to woman's love—to woman's faith! But the spell once broken, the charm once dispelled, that is enough!” And yet it was not enough, for Edward talked on, and more than once was interrupted by Rose, who, whenever she could vindicate her cousin, did so bravely and generously—not in a half-consenting, frigid manner, but as a true woman does when she defends a woman, as if she be either good or wise, she will always do.

Rose did not know enough of human nature to understand that the more Edward complained of Helen's conduct and desertion, the less he really felt it; and the generous portion of his own nature sympathised with the very generosity which he argued against. He had found one, who, while she listened sweetly and patiently to his complaints, vindicated, precisely as he would have desired, the idol of his heart's first love. He had found one, who, while she listened sweetly and patiently to his complaints, vindicated, precisely as he would have desired, the idol of his heart's first love.

“It is evident,” said Rose Dillon to herself, when she bade Edward adieu—“it is quite evident he never will or can love another. Such affection is everlasting.” How blind she was! “Poor fellow! he will either die in the flower of his age of a broken heart, or drag on a miserable existence! And if he does,” questioned the maiden—and if he does, *what is that to me?* She did not, for a moment or two, trust herself to frame an answer, though the tell-tale blood, first mounting to and then receding from her cheek, replied; but then she began to calculate how long she had known Edward, and thought how very natural it was she should feel interested, deeply interested, in him. He had no sister—why should she not be to him a sister? Ah, Rose, Rose!—that sisterly reasoning is of all others the most perilous.

Time passed on. The bride wrote a letter, which, in its tone and character, sounded pretty much like a long trumpet-note of exultation. Mrs Myles declared it to be a dear letter, a charming letter, a most lady-like letter, and yet evidently she was not satisfied therewith. She read scraps of it to all the neighbours, and vaunted Mrs Ivers, the Honourable Mrs Ivers, up to the skies. Like all persons whose dignity and station are not the result of inheritance, in the next epistle she was even more anxious to impress her humble relatives with an idea of her consequence. Mingled with a few epithets of love, were a great many eulogiums on her new station. She was too honest to regret, even in seeming, the rural delights of the country—for Helen could not stoop to deceit—but she gave a list of titled visitors, and said she would write more at length, were it not that every spare moment was spent in qualifying herself “to fill her station, so as to do credit to her husband.” This old Mrs Myles could not understand; she considered Helen fit to be a queen, and said so.

For more than two months, Rose and Edward did not meet again; for more than four after that, he never entered the cottage which had contained what he held most dear on earth; but one evening he called with Mr Stokes. The good rector might have had his own reasons for bringing the young man to the

cottage; but if he had, he kept them to himself—the best way of rendering them effective.

After that, Edward often came—sometimes with a book from the rectory—sometimes with a newspaper for Mrs Myles—sometimes to know if he could do any thing for the old lady in the next town, where he was going—sometimes for one thing, sometimes for another—but always with some excuse, which Rose was happy to accept as the true one; satisfied that she could see him, hear him, know that he was there.

It so chanced that, calling one evening (evening calls are suspicious where young people are concerned), Edward was told that Mrs Myles had gone over to Loothery, the next post town, and that Miss Rose was out. The servant (ever since Helen's marriage, Mrs Myles had thought it due to her dignity to employ such a person) said this with an air of mystery, and Edward inquired which way Miss Rose had walked. Indeed, she did not know.

Edward therefore trusted to chance, and he had not gone very far down the lane leading to the common of Abbeyweld, when he saw her seated under a tree (where heroines are surely found at some period or other of their life's eventful history) reading a letter. Of course he interrupted her, and then apologized.

“The letter,” said Rose, frankly, “is from poor Helen.”

“Why do you call her poor?” he inquired.

“Because she is very ill; and I am going to her tomorrow morning.”

“Ill!—tomorrow!—so suddenly—so soon!” stammered Edward.

Rose turned homewards with an air of cold constraint. She could not attribute Edward's agitation to any other cause than his anxiety on Helen's account, and the conviction gave her intense pain.

“Stay, Rose,” he said. Rose walked steadily forward. “There is,” he continued bitterly, “a curse, a spell upon this place. Do you not remember that it was here—*here*, within five yards of where we stand—that *she* first—. But where's the use of thinking of that, or any thing else,” he exclaimed with a sudden burst of passion, “where a woman is concerned! They are all, *all* alike, and I am a double fool! But go, Rose, go—enjoy her splendour, and lie in wait, as she did, for some rich idiot!”

It was now Rose's turn to interrupt. Turning upon Edward, with an expression of deeply insulted feeling—“Sir,” she said; and before she proceeded the cold monosyllable had entered his heart—“sir, my cousin Helen did not lie in wait—a woman's beauty may be called a snare, if you please, but it is not one of her own making—she was sought and won, and not by an *idiot*; and it is ungenerous in you to speak thus now, when time, and her being another's wife!”

Poor Rose had entered on perilous ground, and she felt it, and the feeling prevented her proceeding. She trembled violently; and if Edward could have seen her blanched cheek and quivering lip, he would have checked his impetuosity, and bitterly reproached himself for the rash words he had uttered. If he could but have known how devoutly the poor fond beating heart loved him at that moment, he would, rustic though he was, have fallen at her feet, and entreated her forgiveness. Doubtless it was better as it was, for if men could see into women's hearts, I very much fear their reliance on their own power would increase, and that would be neither pleasant nor profitable to themselves or others; the very existence of love often depends on its uncertainty. Some evil star at that moment shed its influence over them, for Edward Lynne, catching at Rose's words, answered,

“You need not, I assure you, entertain your cousin with an account of how I grieve; and remember, believe me, I take good care to prevent any woman's caprice from having power over me a second time.”

“You do quite right,” replied Rose—“quite right.” They walked on together until they arrived within sight of the cottage door, but neither spoke.

“I have a great deal to do—much to prepare. I wish you good-night. Good-bye, and a kinder—temper.” She faltered.

“Going,” said Edward—“going away in such haste; and to part thus. There must be some mistake. I have watched you narrowly, suspiciously, as men do who have been once deceived; I have seen no trace of unwomanly ambition in you; I little thought you would, on the slightest hint, so willingly embrace the first opportunity of entering into the sphere I thought you dreaded—as I do.”

“I told you Helen was ill.”

“A pilgrim—a whim—a—”

“You do her wrong; she has been a mother, and her child is dead.”

“A blow to her ambition,” said Edward, so coldly that Rose (such is human nature) breathed more freely. Was it possible, then—could it be possible—that his feelings had been excited not by the remembrance of Helen, but the thought of her own departure! Yet still her simple sense of justice urged her to say, “Again you do her wrong; Helen has a great deal of feeling.”

“For herself,” he answered tersely, “I dare say she has.”

“I did not think you could be so unjust and ungenerous,” replied Rose; “but you are out of sorts to-night, and will be sorry before morning. You were always hasty, Edward. Good-night—good-bye.”

“Good-bye, then, Rose—good-bye; and without tak-

ing her hand—without one kind word—one sign of love—Edward Lynne rushed through the garden gate and disappeared.

Rose entered the little parlour, which of late had been well cared for. The old sofa, though as stiff and hard as ever, triumphed in green and yellow; and two cushions, with large yellow tassels, graced the ends, and a huge square ottoman, which every country visitor invariably tumbled over, stood exactly in front of the old seat. Upon this Rose flung herself, and, covering her face with her hands, bent down her head upon the stately seat. Her sobs were not loud but deep; and as she was dealing with feelings, and not with time, she had no idea how long she had remained in that state, until aroused by a voice, whose every tone sent the blood throbbing and tingling through her veins.

"Rose—dear Rose!"

Blushing—trembling—ashamed of an emotion she had not the power to control—Rose could not move, did not at all events, until Edward was on his knees beside her—until he had poured forth his affection—had assured her how completely she had possessed herself of his respect and admiration—that his feelings towards her not being of that passionate nature which distracted him with love for Helen, he had not truly felt her value until the idea of losing her for ever came upon him—that then he indeed felt as though all hope of happiness was to be taken away for ever—felt that he should lose a friend, one on whose principles and truth he could rely—felt that in her his all was concentrated. It is only those who, having loved long and hopelessly for years, find that love returned, and at the very moment when they were completely bowed down by the weight of disappointment, can understand what Rose experienced. She did not violate any of the laws of maiden modesty, because she was pure in heart and single of purpose; but she was too truthful to withhold the confession of her love, and too sincere to conceal her happiness.

"I will give you a promise; but receive none," said the generous lover. "I should be indeed miserable if I, for a moment, fancied you were controlled only by a promise. I rely upon you solely and entirely; no matter with what temptations you may be surrounded. If Helen is so much admired, you must be admired also; but I do not fear you will forget me; for now my only astonishment is how I could have preferred the spirit and power of the one to the tender and womanly grace of the other." In the midst of these effusions, so dear to lovers' hearts, Mrs Myles entered. Many and many a time had she prayed that Edward Lynne might transfer his affections to Rose Dillon; it would be such a capital match for her, poor thing." She would repeat to herself—"Yes, quite the thing for her, though, of course, for Helen I could not hear of it—yet quite the thing of all others for her." This frame of mind continued until the invitation arrived, and it was determined that Rose should visit her cousin. "It is," argued the good woman in her own way—"it is only to nurse her strong and well again, I dare say; but yet, who knows, she may see some one, or some one may see her! She certainly is a very pretty, modest-looking girl; and I have heard say that modest-looking girls are sometimes greatly admired among the grandees in fashionable places, because of their rarity. I shall certainly show the cold shoulder to Edward Lynne the next time he comes, and give him a hint as to the expectations I have for Rose. I must not suffer the poor child to throw herself away—oh no!—oh no! Edward Lynne is a very nice young man certainly; and if Rose had not been going to London" — She opened the parlour door as she so reasoned; and the peculiar expression which passed over the countenances of both, convinced her that every thing was proceeding in opposition to her "prudential motives." Edward frankly expounded all, to her entire dissatisfaction. "She did not," she said, "at all approve of engagements; she would not sanction any engagement except at the altar; she thought Mr Lynne (Mr Lynne!—she had never in her life before called him anything but "Ned")—she thought he ought to have spoken to her first as became a gentleman." And Edward, provoked beyond bearing at what always upstarts a noble soul—mere worldly-mindedness—replied, "that he never professed to be a gentleman; he was, and ever would be, a farmer, and nothing more; and for all that, he thought a farmer—an honest, upright, English farmer—might have as correct ideas as to right and wrong as any gentleman." And at this Mrs Myles became very indignant; like the frog in the fable, she endeavoured to think herself an ox, and talked and looked magnificence itself, until at last she felt as if being her grandchildren was enough to entitle Helen and Rose to sit before a queen. She talked of Edward—his occupation, his barns, his cows, horses, and sheep—until Rose, all gentle as she was, roused, and said, that for herself she had no ambition beyond that of being the useful wife of an honest man—that Edward had honoured her—and, sorry as she should be to displease the only parent she had ever known, she had plighted her faith in the temple of her own heart to him—and as long as the plight was of value in his eyes, it could not be withdrawn. How truly did Edward Lynne feel that she indeed would be a crown of glory to his old age, as well as to his manhood's prime!

The scene (for there are "scenes" wherever human passion runs wild) ended by Mrs Myles working herself into the belief that she was the most ill-used old lady in

the British dominions. She commanded Edward from her presence; and though Rose knelt and wept at her feet, she refused to be pacified, declaring that if it had not been for the rheumatism, she would herself act as nurse to Helen, and not suffer so low-minded a creature as Rose Dillon to look on the splendour of her cousin's house. What she thought of that splendour, an extract from a letter—not the first or second—which replied to those she had received from Edward, will best tell:—

"I have seen a great deal to astonish—every thing seems wonderful in London—only I wish the people seemed more really happy. I have been thinking that happiness is not a sudden thing like joy; it is more quiet—it takes time to be happy—and the people here have no time. In the midst of the gayest party, they do not suffer themselves to enjoy it, but keep hurrying on to the next. I remember when we were children, Helen and I, we have sat an hour over a bunch of wildflowers, yet not discovered half their beauties; surely excitement and happiness are not twin-born. Since Helen has been better, numbers of ladies have called, so beautifully dressed, and so gentle-mannered and reserved, one so very like the other, that they might have all been brought up at the same school. They never appear to confide in each other, but make a talk, after their own calm fashion, about small things. Still, when they talk they do not say much, considering how highly bred they are. I have listened throughout an entire morning (a fashionable morning, Edward, does not begin until three o'clock in the afternoon), and really could not remember a single observation made by a drawing-room full of ladies. We could not talk ten minutes with dear Mr Stokes, without hearing something that we could not help remembering all the days of our lives. It is wonderful how superior Helen is (I am not at all afraid to tell you so) to every one around her; there is a natural loftiness of mind and manner visible in her every movement, that carries off her want of those pretty accomplishments which the ladies value so highly. And then she is so beautiful, and her husband is so proud of having the handsomest woman in London for his wife; and one artist begs to model her ear, another her hand (you cannot think how fair and soft and 'do-nothing' it looks); and as to her portraits, they are in all those pretty painted books which Mr Stokes calls 'vanities.' There is a queer, quirky, little old gentleman who visits here, who said that Helen owed her great success in society to her 'tact.' Oh! Edward, she owes her sorrow to her ambition. Would you believe it possible that she, the beauty of Abbeweld, who for so long a time seemed to us satisfied with that distinction, is not satisfied now. Why, there is not such an establishment, no, not at Mrs Howard's, as that which she commands. Oh! Edward, to have once loved Helen, is to be interested for her always; there is something great in her very faults; there is nothing poor or low about her. That little cranky old gentleman said the other evening, while looking at her, 'Miss Rose, a woman, to be happy, should either have no ambition, or an ambition beyond this world.' Do ask Dr Stokes if that is true."

After she had been a little longer in town, Rose saw more clearly the workings of that ambition which had undermined her cousin's happiness. She saw where the casker ate and withered, but she did not know how it could be eradicated. Something which women understand, prevented her laying open the secrets of the house to Edward; and yet she desired counsel. Possessing much observation as to the workings of the human heart, she had but little knowledge as to how those feelings might be moulded for the best; and she naturally turned for advice, and with the faith of a Christian spirit, to the pastor who had instructed her youth. He had loved them both, and she longed for his counsel, in the (alas! vain) hope that she, a right-minded but simple girl—simple as regards the ambition of life's drama—might be able to turn her cousin from the unsatisfied, unsatisfying longings after place and station. The difference in their opinions was simply this—Rose thought that Helen possessed every thing that Helen could desire, while Helen thought that Helen wanted all things.

It was morning—not the morning that Rose had described to her lover, but not more than seven o'clock—when Rose, who had been up late the previous night, was awoken by her cousin's maid. On entering Helen's dressing-room, she found her already dressed, but so pale and distressed in her appearance, that she could hardly recognise the brilliant lawgiver of the evening's festivities in the pale, languid, feverish beauty that was seated at her desk.

"Dear Helen, you are weary; ill, perhaps," exclaimed her gentle cousin. "You have entered too soon into gay society, and you suffer for the public restraint in private." Her cousin looked steadily in her face, and then smiled one of those bitter disdainful smiles which it is always painful to see upon a woman's lip.

"Sit down, Rose," she said—"sit down, and copy this letter. I have been writing all night, and yet cannot get a sufficient number finished in time, without your assistance."

Rose did as she was desired, and, to her astonishment, found that the letters were to the inhabitants of a borough, which Mr Ivers had expressed his desire to represent. Rose wrote, and wrote; but the longest task must have a termination. About one, the gentleman himself came into the room, and, as Rose thought, somewhat indifferently, expressed his surprise, that what he came to communicate was already finished. Still he chid his fair wife for an exertion which he feared might injure her health, and evinced the strongest desire to succeed in rescuing the people of L—— from the power of a party to which he was opposed; hinting, at the same time, that the contest would drain his purse and many of his resources.

"And let it," exclaimed Helen, when he had left the room—"let it. I care not for that, but I will overturn every thing that interposes between me and the desire I have to humble the wife of the present representative. Look, I would hold this hand in the fire, ay, and suffer it to smoulder into ashes, to punish the woman who called me

a proud *parveneuse*! She did so before I had been a week in London. Her cold calm face has been as a curse to me ever since. She has stood, the destroying angel, at the gate of my paradise, poisoning every enjoyment. Let me but humble her," she continued, rising proudly from the sofa upon which she had been resting—"let me but humble her, and I shall feel a triumphant woman! For that I have watched and waited; anxiety for that caused me the loss of my child; but if Ivers succeeds, I shall be repaid."

Rose shuddered. Was it really true, that having achieved the wealth, the distinction she panted for, she was still anxious to mount higher? Was it possible that wealth, station, general admiration, and the devoted affection of a tender husband, did not satisfy the humbly born beauty of an obscure English village? Again Helen spoke: she told how she had at last succeeded in rousing her husband to exertion—how, with an art worthy a better cause, she had persuaded him that his country demanded his assistance—how he had been led almost to believe that the safety of England was in the hands of the freeholders of L——; and then she pictured her own triumph, as the wife of the successful candidate, over the woman who had called her a *parveneuse*.

"And, after all," murmured poor Rose—"and, after all, dear Helen, you are really unhappy."

"Miserable!" was the reply—"no creature was ever so perfectly miserable as I am! The one drop of poison has poisoned the whole cup. What to me was all this grandeur, when I felt that that woman looked down upon me, and induced others to do the same; that though I was with them, I was not of them; and all through her means, Ivers could not understand my feeling; and, besides, I dare not let him know what had been said by one of his own clique, lest he should become inoculated by the same feeling."

"Another fruit," thought Rose Dillon, "of the evil which attends unequal marriages."

"But my triumph will come!" she repeated—"Ivers must carry all before him; and who knows what may follow?"

"Still unsatisfied!" thought Rose, as she wandered through the splendid rooms, and inhaled the perfume of the most expensive exotics, and gazed upon beautiful pictures, and listened to the roll of carriages and heard the kind fond voice of Helen's devoted husband urging the physician, who made his daily calls, to pay his wife the greatest attention. "Still unsatisfied!" she repeated; and then she thought of one of Edward's homely but wise proverbs—"All is not gold that glitters;" and she thought how quite as beautiful, and more varied by the rich variety of nature, was the prospect from the parlour window of the farm-house, that was to be her own. "And woodbine, roses, and muguet breathe as sweet odours as exotic, and belong of right to the cottages of England. Ah!" continued the right-minded girl, "better is a little, and content therewith, than all the riches of wealth and art without it. If her ambition had even a great object, I could forgive her; but all this for the littlenesses of society." This train of thought led her back to the days of their girlhood, and she remembered how the same desire to outshine manifested itself in Helen's childhood. If Mr Stokes had been there, he could have told her of the pink gingham, with her grandmother's injudicious remark thereupon—"Be content with the pink gingham now, Helen—the time will come when you shall have a better;" instead of—"Be always content, Helen, with what befits your sphere of life."

That day was an eventful one to Rose. In the evening she was seated opposite the window, observing the lamplighter flying along with his ladder and his link through the increasing fog, and wondering why the dinner was delayed so much beyond its usual hour—when the little old cranky gentleman, whose keen and clever observations had given Rose a very good idea of his head, and a very bad one of his heart, stood beside her. In a few brief words he explained, that seeing she was different to London ladies, he had come to the determination of making her his wife. He did not seem to apprehend any objection on her part to this arrangement; but having concluded the business in as few words as possible, stood, with his hands behind him, very much as if he expected the lady he addressed to express her gratitude, and suffer him to name the day. Firmly and respectfully Rose declined the honour, declaring "she had no heart to give," and adding a few civil words of thanks to the old gentleman, who would have evinced more sense had he proposed to adopt, not marry her. Without a reply, the old gentleman left the room; but presently her cousin entered, and, in terms of bitter scorn, inquired if she were mad enough to refuse such an offer—one that would immediately take her out of her humble sphere, and place her where she might be happy. Rose replied, with more than usual firmness, that she had learned, since she had been with her, the total insufficiency of rank and power to produce happiness. "I am convinced," she continued, "that it is the most likely to dwell where there are the fewest cares, and that the straining after distinction is at variance with its existence. To be useful, and fulfil well the duties of our native sphere, is the surest way to be happy. Oh! Helen, you do not know what it is; you look too much to the future to enjoy the present; and I have observed it ever since you threw away the handful of jessamine we had gathered at the grey fountain of Abbeweld, because you could not have moss roses like the squire's daughter."

"Foolish girl!" she answered, "has not perseverance in the desire obtained the moss roses?" "Yes," said her cousin sadly, "but now you desire exotics. I should despise myself if it were possible that I could forget the affection of my heart in what appears to me the unsubstantial vanities of life. Dear Helen, in sickness or sorrow let me ever be your friend; but I must be free to keep on in my own humble sphere."

It seemed as if poor Rose was doomed to undergo all trials. Helen was not one to yield to circumstances; and though her physician prescribed rest, she lived almost without it, avoiding repose, laying herself under

the most painful obligations to obtain her end, and enduring the greatest mental anxiety. Not only this; she taunted poor Rose with her increased anxieties, affirming, that if she had not rendered the old gentleman her foe by the ill-timed refusal, he would have assisted, not thwarted, her cherished object; that his influence was great, and was now exerted against them. "If," she added, "you had only the common tact of any other girl, you might have played him a little until the election was over, and then acted as you pleased."

This seemed very shocking to Rose, and she would have gone to Abbeyweld immediately, but that she thought it cruel to leave her cousin while she felt she was useful to her. "Ah, Rose!" she said, when poor Rose hinted that in a short time she must return, "how can you think of it?—how can you leave me in an *enemy's country*? I dare not give even my husband my entire confidence, for he might fancy my sensitiveness a low-born feeling. I can trust you, and none other." Surrounded, according to the phrase, "with troops of friends," and yet able to trust "none other" than the simple companion of her childhood! "And yet," murmured the thoughtful Rose, "amongst so many, the blame cannot be all with the crowd; Helen herself is an incapable of warm, disinterested friendship as those of whom she complains."

Rose Dillon's constancy was subjected to a still greater trial. Amongst the "troops of friends" who crowded more than ever round Mr Ivers while his election was pending, was a young man as superior to the rest in mind as in fortune, and Rose Dillon's ready appreciation of the good and beautiful led her to respect and admire him.

"Is it true, Miss Dillon," he said to her one morning, after a lagging conversation of some twenty minutes' duration—"is it true, Miss Dillon, that you have discarded altogether the attentions of Mr —?" and he named the old gentleman whose offer had been so painful to Rose, and who was now made painfully aware that the subject had been publicly talked of. This confused her. "Nay," he continued, "I think you ought to be very proud of the fact, for he is worth two hundred thousand pounds."

"If he were worth ten hundred thousand, it would make no difference to me," was the reply.

"Then, you admit the fact."

Rose could not tell a falsehood, though she confessed her pain that it should be known. "I intend," she added, "to remain in my own quiet sphere of life; I am suited for no other."

The gentleman made no direct reply, but from that hour he observed Rose narrowly. The day of the election came, with its bribery and its bustle. Suffice it, that the Honourable Mr Ivers was declared duly elected—that the splendour of the late master's wife's entertainments and beauty, were perfectly eclipsed by the entertainments and beauty of the wife of the successful candidate—that every house, *except* one, in the town was splendidly illuminated—and that the people broke every pane of glass in the windows of that house, to prove their attachment to the great principle of freedom of election.

"God bless you, cousin!" said Rose; "God bless you—your object is attained. I hope you will sleep well tonight."

"Sleep!" she exclaimed; "how can I sleep? Did you not hear the wife of a mere city baronet inquire if late hours did not injure a country constitution; and see the air with which she said it?"

"And why did you not answer that a country constitution gave you strength to sustain them? In the name of all that is right, dearest Helen, why do you not assert your dignity as a woman, instead of standing upon your rank? Why not, as a woman, boldly and bravely revert to your former position, and at the same time prove your determination to support your present? You were as far from shame as Helen Marsh of Abbeyweld, as you are as the wife of an honourable member. Be yourself. Be simply, firmly yourself, my own Helen, and you will at once, from being the scorned, become the scorner."

"This from you, who love a lowly state?"

"I love my own birthright, lowly though it be. No will attempt to pull me down. I shall have no heartaches—suffer no affronts."

"Oh!" said Helen, "if I had but been born to what I possess."

"Mr Stokes said if you had been born an honourable, you would have grasped at a coronet."

"And I may have it yet," replied the discontented beauty, with a weary smile; "I *may* have it yet; my husband's brother is still childless. If I could be but certain that the grave would receive him a childless man, how proudly I would take precedence of such a woman as Lady G——."

Rose looked at her as she spoke. In the glorious meridian of her beauty—a creature so splendid—of such a fair outside—with energy, and grace, and power—marred by a weak ambition—an ambition achieved by the accident of birth—an ambition having neither honour, nor virtue, nor patriotism, nor any one laudable aim, for its object. And she sorrowed in her inmost soul for her cousin Helen.

Rose never, of course, made one at the brilliant assemblies which Mrs Ivers gave and graced; she only saw those who breakfasted or lunched in the square, or who, like the little old gentleman, and one or two others, joined the family circle. The excitement of an election, and the (*pro tem.*) equality which such an event creates, brought her more into contact with her cousin's acquaintances than she had yet been, and gave the gentleman, who evidently admired her, an opportunity of studying her character. There was something strange in a young woman, situated as was Rose, preserving so entirely her self-respect, that it encircled her like a halo; and wherever it is so preserved, it invariably commands the respect of others. After the first week or two had passed, Rose Dillon was perfectly undazzled by the splendour with which she was surrounded, and was now engaged in watching for a moment when she could escape from

what she knew was splendid misery. If Helen had been simply content to keep her own position—if she had, as Rose's wisdom advised, sufficient moral courage to resent a slight openly, not denying her humble birth, and yet resolved to be treated as became her husband's wife—all would have been happiness and peace. Proud as Mr Ivers was of her, her discontent and perpetual straining after rank and distinction, watching every body's every look and movement to discover if it concealed no covert affront, rendered him, kind and careful though he was, occasionally dissatisfied; and she interpreted every manifestation of his displeasure, however slight, to contempt for her birth. Rose suffered most acutely, for she saw how simple was the remedy, and yet could not prevail on Helen to abate one jot of her restless ambition. The true spirit of a Christian woman often moved her to secret, earnest prayer, that God, of His mercy, would infuse an humbler and holier train of thought and feeling into Helen's mind; and, above all, she prayed that it might not come too late.

"You do not think with Mrs Ivers in all things, I perceive," said the gentleman I have twice alluded to.

"I am hardly, from my situation," replied Rose, "privileged to think her thoughts, though perhaps I may think of them."

"A nice distinction," he answered.

"Our lots in life are differently cast. In a week I return to Abbeyweld; I only came to be her nurse in illness, and was induced to remain a little longer because I was useful to her. They will go to the Continent now, and I shall return to my native village."

"But," said the gentleman, in a tone of the deepest interest, "shall you really return without regret?"

"Without regret? Oh yes!"

"Regret nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Suppose," he continued, in a suppressed tone of deep emotion—"suppose that a man, young, rich, and perfectly aware of the value of your pure and unsullied nature, was to lay his hand and heart!"

"I pray, I entreat you, say not another word," interrupted Rose, breathlessly. "If there should be any such, which is hardly possible, sooner than he should deign to make a proposal to me, I would tell him that before I came to visit my cousin, only the very night before, I became the betrothed of another."

"Of some one, Rose, who took advantage of your ignorance of the world—or of your want of knowledge of society?"

"Oh no!" she replied, covering her face with her hands; "oh no! he is incapable of that. He would have suffered me to leave Abbeyweld free of promise, but I would not."

"And do you hold the same faith still, Rose? Think, has not what you have seen, and shared in, made you ambitious of something beyond a country life. Your refined mind and genuine feeling, your taste—do not, I implore you, deceive yourself."

"I do not, sir; indeed, I do not. Pardon me: I would not speak disrespectfully of those above me. Of course, I have not been admitted into that familiarity which would lead me to comprehend what at present appears to me even more disturbed by the littleness of life than a country village. Conventional forms have, I fear, little to do with elevation of mind; they seem to me the results of habit rather than of thought or feeling. I know this, at least, 'All is not gold that glitters.' I have seen a tree, fair to look at in the distance, and covered with green leaves, but when approached closely, the trunk was foul and hollowed by impropriety, and when the blast came, it could not stand; even so with many, fair without and foul within, and the first adversity, the first great sorrow, overthrows them."

"But this may be the case with the poor as well as the rich, in the country as well as the town."

"I am sure of it, sir. No station can be altogether free from impropriety; but in the country the incitements to evil seem to me less numerous, the temptations fewer by far; the most dangerous of all, a desire to shine, to climb above our fellows, less continual. The middle class is there more healthy and independent."

"And all this owing to the mere circumstance, think you, of situation?" interrupted the gentleman.

"I am only country bred, sir, as you know," replied Rose, earnestly but meekly; "and the only advantage I have had been in the society of one you have heard me mention before now—our worthy rector—and he says it would make all that is wrong come right, if people would only fear God and love their neighbour."

"I believe," said the gentleman, "he is right, quite right; for out of such religion springs contentment, and all the higher as well as the humbler virtues. Yes, he is quite right." Much more he urged Rose, with all the persuasive eloquence of warm affection, to discover, if it were possible, she could change. He tried her on all points, but she replied with the clear straightforward truthfulness that has nothing to conceal. She wavered in nothing: firm to her love, steady to her principles, right-thinking and clear-sighted, he felt that Rose Dillon of Abbeyweld would have added the dignity of virtue to the dignity of rank, but that her mind was of too high an order to bend to the common influences that lead women along the beaten track of life.

They parted to meet no more; and Rose shed tears at their parting. "I did not wish you to make a declaration that did me too much honour," she said; "but I entreat you say nothing of it to Mrs Ivers. My own course is taken, and God knows how earnestly I will pray that you may find one in every way worthy your high estate of mind and station."

I wonder would Edward Lynne have quite approved of those tears; I wonder would he have been pleased to have observed the cheek of his alliance bride pressed against the drawing-room window, to catch a last glimpse of the cab which dashed from Mr Ivers's door. Perhaps not—for the generous nature of woman's love and woman's friendship, is often beyond man's comprehension—but he would have been pleased to see, after she

had paced the room for half an hour, the eagerness with which she received and opened a letter from himself; to have witnessed the warm kiss impressed upon his name; to hear the murmured "dear, dear Edward!" Her heart had never for a moment failed in its truth—never for an instant wavered.

That day week the cousins separated. "You must come to me when I return, Rose," said Helen—"you must come and witness my triumphs. My husband's brother is very ill—cannot live long—but that is a secret. I trust Ivers will make a figure in the lower, before called to the upper house; if he does not, it will break my heart. There, God bless you, Rose; you have been very affectionate, very sweet to me, but I do, I confess, envy you that cheerful countenance—cheerful and calm. I always think that contented people want mind and feeling; but you do not, Rose. By the way, how strangely Mr — disappeared; I thought you had clipped his wings. Well, next season, perhaps. Of course, after this, you will think no more of Edward." Fortunately for Rose, Helen expected no replies, and after a few more words, as I have said, they parted.

In little more than three months, Rose Dillon and Edward Lynne were married.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, the town residence of the sovereign, and usually considered one of the chief objects of curiosity in the metropolis, occupies a most unfortunately low situation at the western extremity of St James's Park, and at the foot of the rising ground which is crowned on the north by Piccadilly. It is impossible to visit the spot without feeling that a hopeless error has been committed, both with respect to the situation and the architectural character of the structure.

The spot on which the palace stands was originally the site of Arlington House, which, being purchased by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, was rebuilt by him in 1703, and named Buckingham House. In 1762, it was purchased by George III., as a residence for his consort, Queen Charlotte, on whom it was settled, in 1775, in lieu of Somerset House. It was a heavy, dark-red brick building, with stone pilasters. Yet Defoe, in 1714, described it as "one of the great beauties of London, both by reason of its situation and its building"—a remark strangely at variance with the opinions of our times. In this mansion were born all the children of George III. and Queen Charlotte, with the exception of the eldest (George IV.), who was born at Kew.

After the removal of Carlton Palace, parliament granted a sum of money to alter Buckingham House into a palace suitable for the residence of George IV.; and between 1825 and 1830, the building was remodelled under the superintendence of Mr Nash, subject to the dicta of his royal patron.

The situation of this palace, unfortunate as it unquestionably is, is not, however, destitute of certain advantages. In fact, it is better to look from than to look at: viewed from Piccadilly, it appears smothered in its vastness; but neither the Green Park nor Hyde Park possesses a site commanding so many interesting prospects as Buckingham Palace. From neither of these parks can any great feature of the metropolis be seen; whereas, from each front of the palace, except the Pimlico side, the views are remarkably fine. From the main front, in the foreground, lies St James's Park, with its lake and islands; on the left is Sutherland House, the superb mansion of Earl Spencer (one of Inigo Jones's best designs), with the other fine mansion facing the Green Park; on the right is Westminster Abbey; in perspective, the Horse Guards, the Treasury, and the Admiralty; and beyond them the dome of St Paul's, and the spires of the other city churches; nor must we overlook the terraces of Carlton Gardens and the statue-crowned York Column. The north front commands the Green Park, with the terrace of noble mansions in Piccadilly, from Devonshire House to Apsley House, and the screen and triumphal arch at Hyde Park Corner. The garden front commands sixty-three acres in the most ornate style of landscape gardening. The south front is circumscribed by Pimlico, the smoke from which is frequently a nuisance.

The principal front forms three sides of a quadrangle, of the Roman Corinthian order, raised on a Doric basement. The central entrance is a bold *porte cochère*, copied from the Temple of Theseus at Athens; above which is a portico in the style of that of the Pantheon at Rome; the tympanum filled with sculpture, and the pediment crowned with statues. The projecting wings, or sides of the quadrangle, are only decorated in the centres and at the ends, the latter presenting Corinthian porticos, surmounted with statues. The above union of two Greek orders is very considerable: the Doric of the ground storey is poor and mean, whereas the frieze of the upper storey, with its national emblems of the crown, the shamrock, rose, and thistle, and its bold triglyphs, is attractive from its extreme richness. The three lower sides are surrounded by a peristyle of fluted cast-iron Doric columns. At each side of the principal portico is a pavilion, the attics decorated with pilasters and caryatides; behind the pediment is a dome, which was very objectionable in this front, until concealed by the addition of attics—a feature of Nash's original design. The porticos of the wings have been condemned as too slender; but it should be stated that the plan comprehends two additional courts, to which these porticos are only wings; others corresponding to

them being necessary to complete the unity of the building. To these ends have been added two wings, surmounted with the royal arms; that to the south being a guard-house, and the other a private entrance to the north wing. The octagonal apartment, which formerly contained the library of George III., was intended to be converted into a chapel, but is now an armoury.

As some relief to the generally mean aspect of the edifice, as seen from St James's Park, there stands at a due distance from the front a rather imposing marble arch, on which the royal standard is erected. This triumphal arch, as it may be called, is one of the largest works of mere ornament which has been attempted in this country. In general effect, it resembles the arch of Constantine at Rome, to which it is equal in dimensions; it is, however, by no means so richly embellished with sculpture as the Roman arch, which has on the attic an inscription, bas-reliefs of triumphs, and marble figures of captives, whereas the attic of our arch is quite bare; a similar difference exists between the pedestals of the columns, vaultings, &c., of the respective arches.

The west, or garden front of the palace, which is unfortunately concealed from public observation, is considered to be the most imposing in appearance. It is 345 feet in length, and consists of five enriched Corinthian towers, the centre one being circular, and having columns supporting the dome. A balustraded terrace extends the whole length of this front, between two conservatories in the form of Ionic pavilions, adding greatly to the general effect, by seemingly increasing the elevation, while it spreads a broad base that augments the apparent strength and grandeur.

The principal measurements are—width of front, between wings, 150 feet; depth of wings, 140 feet; width of wings in front, 49 feet; extent of front, including wings, 238 feet; or extreme length, including the ground floor addition to the wings, 432 feet. The height of the Doric order is 26 feet; and from its cornice to that of the Corinthian order, 40 feet—making the entire height 66 feet, exclusive of pediments, &c.

Entering beneath the portico, you advance into the marble hall, the ceiling of which is only eighteen feet high—a defect which it has been attempted to modify in appearance, by surrounding the apartment with white marble columns, having statues placed before them, and by the white marble floor, bordered with a Vitruvian scroll in mosaic of variegated marble; the walls are white seagliola. Ascending from the hall by a flight of steps is a vestibule, filled with sculpture, about 120 feet in length, also supported by white marble columns. The total number of columns in the hall and vestibule is 104; each column is a single block of white marble, and has a Corinthian capital of mosaic gold, which cost £30. The vestibule opens in the centre to the libraries, a suite of three rooms looking on the garden, but imperfectly lit, in proportion to their depth: to the right of these are the queen's private apartments, and a staircase leading to those in the north wing. Among the other apartments upon this floor are the dining-room, appropriately plain; and some cheerful apartments looking upon the garden terrace.

The grand staircase, to the left of the entrance in the hall, is of white marble, with hand-rails of mosaic gold and mahogany, and consists of a centre and two returning flights; the centre being carried up to the entrance to the armoury, the effect of which is very theatrical. From the vestibule, at the head of the grand staircase, you enter a superb saloon, beyond which is the throne-room; the former 50 and the latter 60 feet in length, and both 40 feet in height. The ceilings are finished in the boldest Italian style of the fifteenth century, with embossed gold-work; the throne-room is covered and richly dight with heraldic insignia; and the frieze bears bas-reliefs, sculptured by Bailey, after Stothard, of the wars of York and Lancaster. The throne is placed within an alcove, flanked with two richly gilt Corinthian columns; the arch of the recess having in its centre a large gilt medallion of George IV. The walls are hung with crimson silk; and the windows open upon a spacious balcony beneath the central portico, which space is added to the apartment in the form of a superb tent, on the occasion of state-balls, &c. The ceiling of this room, with all its gorgeousness, does not merit unqualified praise, for in form and embellishment it too much resembles the top of a huge work-box.

From the throne-room we pass to the Picture-Gallery, 164 feet long by 28 feet wide, in the centre of the palace. The roof is semi-vaulted, with pendants, &c., of the Tudor age, and is lit by three parallel lines of ground glass circles, bearing the stars of all the orders of knighthood in Europe. This ceiling has been described as picturesque and splendid, and is really curious; but Von Raumer condemns the design as an "imitation of Henry VII.'s Chapel, out of place here, where the doors and windows belong to other times and other nations; whilst the light coming from above on two sides, is false, insufficient, and, moreover, broken by the architectural decorations." The chimney-pieces are sculptured with medallions of illustrious painters, and the floor is of parquetté oak. Among the masterpieces upon the walls are Rembrandt's burgher Pancras and his wife; and women at the tomb of Christ; the death of Dido, and Iphigenia, by Heyneids; the Assumption of the Virgin, by Rubens;

Merry-Making, by Teniers; the Healing of the Sick, and the Marriage of St Catherine, by Vandyke. Occasionally, this gallery has been fitted up for a state banquet, shortened by screens.

The Drawing-Rooms are, the Grand Saloon, with a how-window in the centre of the garden front, and a domed ceiling with the national emblems in stucco, the cornice supported by Corinthian columns of *lapis lazuli* in seagliola, with gilt capitals; and the floor variegated with satin and amboyna woods. This drawing-room opens into another 70 feet in length, the columns supported by coupled columns of rose-coloured seagliola, after a very rare Bohemian mineral, granulated with gold. The Green Drawing-Room is divided by gilt pilasters, between which hang portraits of the House of Hanover. The Music-Room, opening into the Great Drawing-Room, is 60 feet in length. The colours of the columns in the drawing-rooms have been unsparingly condemned; those of rose colour being compared to raspberry ice and raw sausages! The door-cases are of statuary marble, sculptured with caryatides and other figures, some of life size, their cornices bearing in front genii, cornucopia, and baskets of flowers; and the chimney-pieces are of equal beauty. Still, their proportions are incorrect; and in the same apartment may be seen fragments of Egypt, Greece, Etruria, Rome, and the Middle Ages, all confusedly mingled together! In various parts are gorgeous folding doors of mahogany, and mirrors overloaded with or-molu, each pair of which cost 300 guineas; but they are in very questionable taste, are too frequently introduced, and are more characteristic of the flashy gin palace than of the state befitting a royal abode. Stothard's last great designs, although executed when he was between 70 and 80 years of age, possess all the spirit and imaginative vigour of his best days. The drawings are in the possession of Mr. Rogers. "As a whole, there is not perhaps to be found a more interesting series of historical designs of any country in ancient or modern times."* The principal scene represented is the battle of Bosworth Field, by which the royal family, as descendants of the Tudors, came to the throne. The main beauty of Buckingham Palace is in the nationality of its sculptures, all of which are in a high style of art.

Altogether, grandeur is not wanting in the design of this palace, but magnitude of the parts certainly is, and yet it is a vast pile. Von Raumer considers that, with many objections to the arrangements and proportions of the exterior, its extent, and the colonnade, give it a certain air of grandeur. Yet he pronounces the interior "a total failure in every respect," adding, "that he would not live in it rent free, for he should vex himself all the day long with the fantastic mixture of every style of architecture and decoration, the absence of all pure taste—the total want of feeling of measure and proportion." Faults of a still more serious nature have been spoken of—dingy vestibules, and passages requiring artificial light even at noon-day, and such a wretched want of ventilation, that latently the house became almost uninhabitable till certain improvements, suggested by a skilled man of science, were carried into effect. Whether, therefore, as a specimen of architectural art, or as a place of comfortable residence, the palace may be pronounced a bungled piece of work; and this conclusion is the more distressing when we remember that it cost the nation nearly a million of pounds for its completion.

"THE CANADAS IN 1841."

SECOND NOTICE.

WE resume our notice of Colonel Bonnycastle's very interesting work at the place where, crossing Lake Ontario, he arrives at Toronto, the principal town of Upper Canada, and heretofore the seat of the government of that province. His account of this city is curious and instructive, and we present an abstract of it.

Toronto is situated on the shore of a great pear-shaped bay or harbour, lined with buildings on the north, and a barren sand on the south, finished by a stagnant marsh on the east. The steamer having wended its way to the inconvenient wharfs, placed almost at the extremity of the port, we were, on our landing on a narrow decaying pier, jostled almost into the water by rude carters plying for hire on its narrow bounds, and pestered by crowds of equally rude pliers for hotel preferences, which gave us no very exalted notions of the grandeur or the police of Toronto. The system is, however, every where the same on both shores of the Canadian lakes, and to female passengers it must be dreadful, particularly on dark rainy nights; for at night, for some unaccountable reason, most of the boats prefer to start. Fairs of rotten plank, nearly on a level with the water, and without gas or any other lights, must create, as they indeed do, not merely great inconvenience, but loss of life. In 1794, or only forty-five years ago, this city, which now contains nearly 15,000 inhabitants, and spreads over a surface of more than two miles in length by a mile in breadth, was occupied only by the murdering and savage Indian; and when Governor Simcoe first came to it, not more than two wigwams were seen in the unbroken and stately forest which towered over the shores of its beautiful bay.

Where are now the mighty Iroquois—those Indian conquerors, who spread the fame of their arms and the terror of their name, to the extirpation of every original nation with which they came in contact? A century has not passed, and yet the Iroquois, his wars, and his people, have alike been forgotten and lost. His very name at Toronto is involved in utter obscurity; for, excepting during the occasional visits of the civilised Indians upon matters of business with the government, a red man is seldom seen in the capital; and when there, as he is usually clothed as the European, he excites no attention or surprise. The name of the city is not, as is generally supposed, Indian. The French had a fort on the present site, which they called Fort Tarento or Toronto, from the name of the Italian engineer who erected the work. The village built here by the English under Governor Simcoe in 1794, was called York; but in wet weather the soil was so muddy and splashy, that the Yankees soon made it celebrated as *dirty York*. In 1834, Sir John Colborne restored the ancient and more euphonious name. Since that time new life has been given to Toronto. It is now decidedly the capital, and likely to remain so, unless Kingston disputes it.

The value of property here is incredible. On the military reserve, now forming into the new western portion of the city, acre lots sold by government fetched £500 and £600 at some distance from the parts of the city built upon. Building ground in the populous streets is worth from £10 to £20 a-foot, and will no doubt be much higher; and thus many persons, who were formerly very needy, and who obtained the land as grants when it was of little value, are now immensely rich. Until about six or seven years ago, the buildings in Toronto were mostly of wood, as stone is not found in sufficient quantity in the neighbourhood, and consequently fires frequently devastated the town. Brick has since been chiefly employed, as the soil is so good a clay that the foundation and cellarage of a house often yield the necessary material for the superstructure. King Street, the main artery of the city, promises to be very handsome; already many excellent brick stores and houses line its sides, and in the shops the superfluous luxuries of large plate-glass and brass railings are beginning to appear. It is well paved with flag walks, and a broad belt of round stone on each side, with a broken stone road in the centre. A spacious and very extensive sewer runs under the whole. None of the towns in Upper Canada yet display much expense or taste in the public edifices, and Toronto has certainly not contended for the palm. The principal structures are the parliament buildings and public offices; the English, the Catholic, and the Scotch churches; the Methodist chapel, the Bank of Upper Canada, the Market House and City Hall, the Upper Canada College and Bank, and Lawyers' Hall. About half a mile up an avenue in the centre of Lot Street, the University of Upper Canada is now building, upon an extensive, appropriate, and handsome plan. A new jail and a court-house are building at the eastern extremity of the city, in a very strange situation, close to the great marsh. A lyceum is also about to be erected at the western end, with grounds attached for zoologic and botanic purposes, under the patronage of government. New barracks for the troops, at a distance from the town, are in the course of erection. In Toronto unite the great roads from the Niagara and Western districts; the George Street, a straight road of thirty-six miles from Lake Simcoe, leading to the wilderness of the north, and thickly settled; the eastern road, leading to Kingston and Lower Canada—all being for several miles well laid out, with a broken stone cover, formed at vast expense and labour, by collecting the granite boulders in the woods and fields and shores of the neighbourhood. The farmers were at first averse to the turnpikes established on them, but they now yield a fair revenue to keep them in repair. Toronto is divided into five wards—St George, St Patrick, St Andrew, St David, and St Laurence, each returning two aldermen and two common-councilmen; from amongst these the mayor is chosen. Provisions have increased in price with the population. Now, the market price for beef and mutton is 7d. or 7½d. the pound; butter, 1s.; turkeys, 7s. 6d.; and all other poultry in proportion. A fresh salmon cannot be bought under 7s. 6d., or at least a dollar when plentiful; flour of fine quality has been as high as 10 dollars a-barrel, and is now about 7 dollars—5s. being the common price when the market is full; wheat in proportion; oats, 2s. to 2s. 6d.; hay seldom less than £2. 10s. a-ton, often much higher; firewood, 12s. 6d. a-cord of the best quality, delivered on the spot; bread, from 7d. to 8d. a-loaf. These prices are reckoned in provincial money, which may be considered 2d. less than the shilling sterling. On the approach of winter, carcasses of mutton may be had at 2d. or 3d. the pound, and prime beef for 4d. Provident families will then supply themselves: the mutton is frozen and hung up; the beef salted and put in tubs. Poultry killed, and packed in snow, keeps the whole winter. Potatoes, carrots, onions, cabbage, celery, turnips, may at this time be bought reasonably (potatoes at an English shilling a-bushel), and kept in cellars made frost proof. Apples may be procured abundantly from the United States, on the opposite side of the lake, or from Niagara, at from 2 to 3 dollars a flour-barrel full, for the finest kinds, and may be kept in like manner. In the lake are caught white fish, pickerel, herrings, and salmon-trout. When the

bay is frozen over, huts are erected, and holes made in the ice, where the fish are caught by spearing. Spear-ing by torch-light in boats is also much practised in the warm seasons; and in this way sturgeon, eels, and pike, of an enormous size, are caught in the bay. There is a large species of land-turtle found in the lagoons and muddy ponds here, about the size of a very large meat dish, covered with a dirty brown impenetrable armour, with a long projecting neck, and a hawk's bill. This animal is eatable, and very good soup may be made of it, if the precaution be taken of clearing away the bladder and gall-ducks as soon as it is killed. Various kinds of game may also be had. Servants are not in general of the best kind. Females coming out usually get married after a short service, and settle either as the wives of mechanics or farmers; and men or boys obtain so much wages as mechanics or labourers, that it is obviously their interest to seek such employment. A good mason, or carpenter, may stipulate for 6s. or 7s. 6d. a-day; a labourer gets constant employment at from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 9d., according to the nature of his work; and many of them, by keeping a horse and cart, and a cow, may double that amount. Considering that from 8 to 10 dollars a-month (40s. to 50s. currency) are the highest wages given to men-servants, and from 4 to 6 dollars to women—I mean as an average, for some of the higher classes give more, in order to keep their servants with them—with their daily food, it is not to be wondered at that in a cheap country they seek labour with a view to ultimate rest on property independently derived.

The original gentry of Toronto were those holding office under government, who, intermarrying, kept and regarded all places worth having as heirlooms, which should be inherited by some one of their class. Thus the reversion or succession to a public office, was the fortune given in marriage with a gentleman's daughter. These people formed the aristocracy of the place; and so great was the annoyance arising from their monopoly of situations, that the greatest avowed object of the late revolutionary party in Upper Canada was "to get rid of the family domination for ever." The author adds his conviction that Toronto will never be a flourishing city, nor Upper Canada a thriving country, until offices and honours are alike open to all classes of the British people in it, as they are in England, where the poorest man from Upper Canada, if he be a man of high talent, may become lord high chancellor, without any question as to where he was born or who educated him. A good house at Toronto, for a small family, will cost £45 or £50 a-year, and about £2 for roads and other city taxes. Stoves are generally used, though coals from the state of Ohio, coming in by way of the Welland Canal, are sold from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. a-bushel. An income of about £1000 or £1500 a-year, enables the official or the private person to assume some state. He can keep his carriage, horses, and necessary servants, and entertain in a style, which, in England, no man under doubt that income would attempt; and such is the eagerness to vie with the gentry at home, that it is to be feared many worthy people sacrifice, as they do in the States, much of their prospects for the sake of having it said that their dinners are better than such a person's in a circle one degree higher than themselves.

IRISH PROCESS-SERVERS.

[From Mr and Mrs Hall's "Ireland," in course of publication.]

We may pause a while in our details of "grey ruins of the olden time," and relieve the monotony of our descriptions by introducing our readers to a class of persons found in all parts of Ireland, but who are necessarily of a more daring and desperate character in Tipperary than elsewhere—the followers, or rather the pioneers, of the law, called "Process-servers." The "business" has been at all times, in Ireland, one of imminent danger, and those who pursued it were almost invariably reckless "dare-devils," without principle or reputation, and whose only recommendations were cunning and courage. At Cahir, we formed acquaintance with one of them, known by no other cognomen than "Long Jim;" but Long Jim having some undefined notion that our interrogatories might be prejudicial to his interests, declined to answer them except by smiles and civil speeches that meant nothing. As we had given him some trouble, and caused him a walk of several miles to undergo our scrutiny, we thought it only right at parting to present him with half-a-crown. Jim looked at the money, turned it over and over, and shrewdly calculating that some peculiar and perilous service was expected of him, for which this was his retaining fee, called aside the friend who had brought us together, and whispered, "Tell his honour that whatever job he has to do in this county, jakers, I'm the man that'll do it for him."

But when informed as to the nature of our object, and it was explained to him that we had no purpose but to learn from himself some of his "hair-breadth escapes," Jim became as communicative as he had previously been taciturn, and readily told us a few anecdotes characteristic of his tribe, of which he may be taken as a faithful example. "Jim" is very "long"—a tall, muscular, loose-limbed, powerful fellow, who fears nothing. "Ah! it's aisy to say I'm strong, but what help would my strength give me agin a hundred vagabonds hungry for my blood?" he exclaimed. "I've had more escapes in my time," he continued, "than Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington put together. I stood up to my throat in a bog once for two days, and if my head hadn't been hid in a bunch of

rushes, I wouldn't have been here to tell the story, for there was a matter of fifty vagabonds beating the bog after me. I've been five times left for dead, and have had a score of pistol-bullets took out of my body." Once I crept into a house, and crawled between the feather-bed and mattress without any body knowing; and the fellows that were after me searched and searched, and prodded under the bed with a pike, and never touched me, and there I lay—and lucky it was for me that the man who slept in that bed was tipsy. I stole away before morning without his knowledge." Zealous for the humanity of the Irish women, we inquired if he had never been saved by the fair sex. "I think," he answered, "an Irishwoman hates the law as much as an Irishman; and they'd show more pity to a tiger than they would to a process-server. I wasn't a bad-looking boy in my time; but the girls I fancied for marriage would have nothing to say to me—a peep-o'-day boy, even a tailor, before poor Jim—but it's all the better for me now," he added, turning his hat round and round while he spoke, and rubbing the edge with his hand; "it's all the better; if no one cares for me, I care for no one; even my own mother on her death-bed turned her face to the wall when I asked for her blessing!" Something like feeling agitated his features while he said this. So true it is, that there are certain chords in the human heart which never cease to vibrate.

Jim was once employed to serve a writ upon a Roman Catholic clergyman; and he did it on a saint's day, at the door of his chapel, when the place was thronged with his people. The manner was this: he persuaded an excise-officer that he knew where a private still was at work, and induced him to obtain the assistance of a party of military. As they approached the chapel, Jim directed the troops to remain a little in the background, while he advanced to reconnoitre, placing them just where the glitter of their bayonets could be seen from the rising ground. He then went forward boldly, and put his paper into the priest's hand; and perceiving a hostile movement among the crowd, he pointed to the military, to whom he speedily returned, and whom he subsequently led "a fool's march" in search of the whisky-still, that had, of course, vanished.

Another of his doings he told us at greater length. A country gentleman had eluded all Jim's efforts to "serve" him. "I've known," quoth Jim, "a matter of fifteen simple writs against him at one time, besides greater law in the courts; there was more paper, wax, and red tape, wasted on him, than on any man of his age. And yet," added Jim, and an expression of the most triumphant cunning animated his bitter eyes—"I nabbed him at last; and I'm prouder of it than of any thing I ever did. He was called 'the Foxy-fighter.' There were ever so many of us on the watch, trying to give our bits of paper into his hand; but he was too 'cute' for them. One thought he had found out the right way—for he climbed to the top of the great old-fashioned chimney that belonged to his bed-room, and stole softly down it, and the nearer he got to the ground, the plainer he could hear the Foxy-fighter discoursing his house-keeper—and at one time he got a little frightened, thinking of the treatment he might get; but he had friends among the servants, who, though they would not let him in, would not see him murdered. So down he went; and when he put his foot on, as he thought, the bottom, what should he find but an iron grating across—so there he was stopped. 'A thief in the chimney,' roars the Fighter; and in less than no time he was surrounded with fire and smoke; and between the burning and the smoking, it was many a long day before that man was able to go up or down a chimney again. I was often on the watch for Foxy; and at the back of his house there was a little square yard, and over one corner of it hung the bough of a very large tree. I wondered where he could go for a little air, and I found he took great delight in the grey of the morning in tending a few ducks and geese that gabbled about a pond that was in the midst of the little yard; he had no dread over him by reason of the high wall, as he could take in the whole wall at a glance, and, sure enough, he had an eye like a process. Well, I turned it over in my own mind, and got a nice large goose egg, and round one end of it I wrope the copy of the writ; and letting myself down from the wall a little before the break o' day, I placed the egg just on a tuft of grass, and seated myself in the branch of the old tree watching; and presently out comes the Fox, after first looking through a peep-hole he had in the door. 'Ah! ah!' he says, and the ducks and geese came running out, and presently he spies the egg. 'That's the grey goose,' he says again, 'that always has such consideration for my breakfast,' and seeing the bit of paper about the egg, in course he peeps into it, and 'What's this?' says he, turning pale, and looking about him. 'It's the copy,' says I, roaring from the tree, 'and here's the original; and while he runs in for his pistols, didn't I show him the heels o' my brogues!'

On another occasion, Jim finding insurmountable difficulties in the way of a desired interview with a gentleman who was always upon "the watch," arranged a very scandalous mode of accomplishing his purpose. He bought a brace of remarkably fine trout, and a fishing-rod, and, for the first time in his life, practised the "gentle craft" of the angler, throwing his fly across the river at a point where he well knew the gentleman might

* There was no exaggeration in this: it was literally true. A few months before our interview with the worthy, he had been in hospital for above six weeks; and on his recovery, he prosecuted four men on the charge of assault with intent to murder him. The four men had been previously, chiefly on his evidence, committed to jail for some offence; and on the very day of this discharge they attacked Jim in his own house, while he was in bed, and before he could secure his pistols (which they took with them), beat him until they thought he was dead. Jim knew them, of course, perfectly well; the fact that they had only been freed that morning, was sufficiently notorious; of his being as assaulted by some persons there could be no doubt; but as Jim was unable to procure any witness to corroborate his testimony, the jury declined to believe him on his oath, and the accused were acquitted.

see him from his parlour-window. Presently down came a message to Jim, to the effect that he was trespassing, the water being preserved. This was exactly what Jim anticipated; so he sent his best respects to his honour, to say that he cared only for the sport, and not for the fish, and hoped he'd be pleased to accept the trout he had already caught. The bait took; the gentleman was pleased to find that fish so large were in his river, and returned his compliments that "lunch would be ready at three." When the fellow had partaken heartily of the hospitality, he proceeded to business, and horrified his host by the production of a writ.

Jim was placed under precisely similar circumstances with a gentleman less wily, because more confident, who lived in a wild and remote district, from which escape was out of the question; and well the party knew that no process-server would dare venture into it. But Jim was too cunning for him. He ascertained that the gentleman's "custom in the afternoon" was to drink his punch in a rural alcove; suddenly, Jim presented himself before the astonished sight of his victim, while enjoying the *dolce far niente*; and making his best bow, begged his honour's pardon for the intrusion. His honour knew Jim well, and coolly asked him at what rate he valued his life. "Faith, sir," says Jim, "at very little, if I meant ye honour any harm; but at a great date this present writing, for it's to do you a service I came here, else I think I'd just as soon cut my own tongue out as serve it upon your honour." The gentleman's suspicions were disarmed; he gave the fellow plenty of whisky, and putting a guinea in his hand, thanked him, and bade him good-by. Jim had hardly gone a hundred yards, however, before back he came, laid the guinea upon the table, and declared he couldn't and wouldn't rob so good a gentleman, and again departed, minus the gold. Upon this he was summoned to return, and questioned; when, with all the appearance of generosity and rectitude, he declared, that if he took the money, his honour would think him a "chate," who came pretending to have the power of serving a process on him, when, in reality, he had nothing of the kind to serve. The scene lasted for some minutes, the gentleman assuring Jim he was satisfied and obliged, and entreating him to pocket the gift, and Jim declaring he could not do it, and be suspected of cheating him. At length the discussion was brought to an issue by Jim, violently excited, exclaiming, the only way to settle the matter was to convince the worthy gentleman of his probity by showing that he was not pretending to have a writ when he had none; so, drawing it from his pocket, he showed both copy and original to the worthy man. "You see, sir," said he, "that I was not a chating blackguard; and now, if you are content, I'll accept the guinea." It was of course given; Jim departed in peace, taking especial care that the "copy" was left behind; went directly to his employer, and swore the service.

We might easily multiply anecdotes of this man and his class, but have already perhaps given too much space to the subject. One more, however, we must tell. We travelled from Limerick to Castle Connell with a man—Dick (we forgot his surname)—who had an awful and terrible squint—whose escapes had been many and marvellous during the tithe war, for he had been the selected server of the rebellion writs. He was the very opposite of Long Jim in personal appearance—a remarkably small and puny creature, whom a genuine Thüring giant might have almost swallowed at a mouthful. Once he was on duty with a comrade, when they saw a host gathering about the mountains above them. They had a horse, but only one, and Dick was on foot; he made a spring, and tried to mount, but "fell on the other side." There was not a moment to lose; his companion galloped off, and left poor Dick to his fate. He looked round him in despair, and made a rush into a neighbouring cabin. His foes were soon after him; Dick fixed himself in the farthest corner; and when "the boys" showed themselves at the door, he presented his pistol, exclaiming, "I can only shoot one o' ye, but I have my eye on the man I'll shoot." As we have said, he squinted frightfully, and the party paused and hesitated; it passed their skill to determine upon which of them his eyes were fixed, for they rolled horribly as he repeated the threat, "I have my eye on the man I'll shoot." They consequently retired to deliberate; and had actually proceeded to remove the roof that they might stone him to death in comparative security, when Dick's comrade hove in sight with a party of police, and Dick's life was saved.

THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR IN LONDON.

[From the "Journal of Civilisation."]

If it were required to draw a strong picture of man, morally and socially degraded by misery, the savage tribes of distant zones would in all probability be selected to sit for it. Yet such darkly shaded originals, such painful realities, need not be sought in remote lands. Let the street beggar or the London thief be followed to his home (if he have one), and mankind will be seen existing in degradation as great, enduring misery as sharp, as the South Sea Islanders or the South Africans in their worst aspect. Amongst them, poverty, vice, ignorance, have no contrast to heighten their effects; but here—in England, in London, perhaps at our own back-doors—wretchedness the most acute, infamy the most shocking, exist upon the same square acre with a high condition of luxury and wealth; and, despite their near neighbourhood, it may be safely conjectured that the British public know more of the social miseries of savage nations than they do of their own poor. Yet, upon this ignorance, the debased and

the criminal are specially legislated for, sometimes incorrectly, always inefficiently.

It is a fact that in St Giles's, in the back streets of Drury Lane, around Westminster Abbey, in the parishes of Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, &c., nearly all along the Surrey shores of the river, and in the similar neighbourhoods of great towns, a state of social civilisation exists, as low in degree as it is found in the far off regions of Africa! We visited last week Charles, King, and Parker Streets, Drury Lane: many of the houses are without fore-doors; some of the rooms are in the last stage of dilapidation, and exhibit fewer conveniences than the basket-work cone of a Bechuanas, or the wigwam of a Red Indian. The stairs are in a few cases broken away; the out-offices—where there are any—are rendered useless from accumulated filth, and the sewerage is frequently stopped up. Some of the rooms have no grates, and large holes let in cold from without. The best of the habitations manifest in some part or other traces of ruin; all afford but imperfect shelter, and no convenience, there not being any fixtures (such as stoves and cupboards) but those belonging to the tenants; the accumulation of dirt, refuse, &c., exhalts effluvia scarcely tolerable on entering the passages: it is quite unendurable to a visitor, especially after a shower of rain, and can only be borne by the inhabitants from long custom.

These wretched abodes are either let in separate lodgings by their immediate landlords, or are rented by persons who sub-let them—a speculation which seldom fails to be a most profitable one: for what does the reader suppose each of these dens produces per annum? It may startle him to hear, from £35 to £50. Thus—for two cellars, 3s. per week are charged; the parlours fetch 4s. per week; the first floor, 4s. 6d.; the second, 4s.; the attics, 3s. The excellent Secretary of the London City Mission has calculated the rental of Charles Street, Drury Lane, from information obtained from parties interested both ways, and finds it exceeds £2000 per annum.

To show still further how profitable the sub-letting system is, and at the same time the horrible encouragement and temptation to crime it creates, it is only necessary to state the manner in which it is carried on. We will take the example of a blind man who has now become the sole proprietor of Nos. 1 to 5 in King Street, Drury Lane. Some of the houses he originally rented from a superior landlord; and to make a profit he proceeded thus:—A single man or woman would apply for lodgings; he would ask what they could pay; if the answer were “2s. a-week,” he would say, “You can have a lodging for 1s. 6d. a-week, furniture and all, if you do not mind a couple of companions—the bed is very large.” The bargain is struck; and thus the old man would get three lodgers at 1s. 6d. a-week each for a room that probably stood him less than 1s. By this means, he gradually accumulated money enough to purchase the five houses he now owns, and will doubtless die rich; but by what means? Let us see:—The applicant for lodgings is possibly a young man who has some situation of from 10s. to 15s. per week, without friends to provide any other home than such as his narrow income drives him to seek in a poor neighbourhood. He is honest and well-disposed: it is more than likely, however, that one, perhaps both, of his bedfellows, seem to him gay, pleasant persons, who live he does not exactly know how, but at all events are seldom in want of cash. They take him to a “free and easy” now and then, introduce him to a female companion or two, whom he takes to the tea-gardens on a Sunday. Being up late at night, he rises late of a morning and neglects his employer, who of course discharges him. His rent soon gets into arrear, and the landlord is troublesome; but his companions put him on the back when he desponds, and ask him if he have “pluck” enough to do as they do. What is that!

The question is not long in being answered. Look for the hitherto well-disposed young man, who was till lately earning an honest living, and you will find him busy in some crowd seeking pocket-handkerchiefs and other stray articles. He makes more money at this kind of industry (for a thief's is by no means an idle life) than he did in his former pursuits, till he gets known to the police, which generally proves the “beginning of the end,” for after this stage of his career the step is but short to the hulks.

This picture does not apply to the male sex only. A young girl, perhaps a milliner's journeywoman, a tambour worker, or a bookbinder's sticher, seeks lodgings in the same way. The landlord advises economy, and says how much better it would be for her to save 6d. a-week by joining “the respectable young girl that lives in the two-pair back.” This is in reality an infamous person, and so will her new companion be in a very short time. These are no fancy sketches: we can put our finger on the originals any morning in the week from six o'clock till twelve.

We have insensibly passed from the houses to their inmates: let us proceed.

It will mostly be found that the basements of these houses, the kitchen or cellars, are preferred by thieves, for the convenient nooks and crannies they afford for hiding stolen property. The parlours are often occupied by a labouring man with a wife and family. A journeyman, who works at home, with his wife and family, will perhaps live on the first floor. The front room on the second floor houses, a couple of street-walkers; the back room, a beggar; and so on. Here is a mixture of vices in full operation, and of virtue

surrounded by temptation! The man on the ground, or first floor, may be labouring hard to bring up his family with credit, but is obliged to live where he does, because, from poverty, he cannot procure lodgings in a decent neighbourhood. One of his daughters gets gradually intimate with one of the girls above, without perhaps knowing the course of life she pursues, and through evil counsel soon becomes vitiated. Perhaps it is one of the sons who makes the fatal acquaintance, and the consequences are, if anything, worse.

AN INVOCATION.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

RISE, nations! from your trance of woe and wrong,
Cast off the burden that oppresses still,
Crush the fell monster that hath ruled so long,
And quench the fire that only kindles ill—
WAR! whose foul thron, incarnadined, is built
Of quivering clay, erected but by guilt.
Cemented but with blood and tears. Recall
The timed trappings that are round it cast,
And let the hideous show stand forth at last,
Reveal'd a moment, ere it crumbling fall
Into the grave of bygone things, and yield
The garner'd trophies of each crimson'd field;
Bring the gay banners that have floated high,
Tear down the laurels from the conqueror's brow,
And let us light, beneath the calm blue sky,
Their funeral pile, and lay such relics low;
And the bright flame shall purify the earth,
Fit for true glory's advent and its birth!
They who the latest win, are victors; so
The wise and merciful shall rule at last.
Arise, ye nations! from your dreams, for lo!
The shadow of the coming change is past
Upon the earth, the substance is so near.
Arise, and listen, nations!—do ye hear
The full deep murmur of the gathering throng?
Upon their breath Opinion floats along—
Opinion, which is Power. And this doth strain,
And rust, and loosen the accursed chain
Forged by foul custom of all loathsome ties,
But gilded o'er with hollow sophistries;
And it will rot and rot, till there shall be
One vigorous bound, and man at last be free!
And in the future years which onward roll,
Earth's happier children shall, with pitying soul,
List to the stories of a bygone age,
Or turn with awe th' historian's gory page.
And they, perchance, will meet beneath his shrine
Calm deeds, pure thoughts, unreck'd of at the time,
Like jewels by a blind man found, and flung,
By chance, a heap of meager things among;
But these will be the heroes, these selected,
And their true lustre be at last detected;
Whose silent influence, with starry ray,
Proved the pure heralds of approaching day.
For these, and such as these, shall be entwined
Laurels unfading as unstain'd; and they
Shall be remember'd, and their deeds enshrined
In grateful loving hearts, when pass'd away,
Or buried deep, with half-forgotten things,
Beneath the dust Time scatters from his wings,
The warrior's fame shall rest. And Verse shall tell,
And Music lend her rich and wondrous spell,
To hymn the greater triumphs; blushing both,
As if these twins indeed were loath
To recollect how they, in darker hour,
Misused the sceptre of their magic power.
But Harmony and Poesy's rare gift,
Alike their strains to noblest themes shall lift,
No more to lure in falsehood's subtle guise,
Or dull the wail of human agonies;
But prove themselves, what they should ever be,
Earth's revelations of divinity!

ENGLISH COTTON-SPINNER IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

Amongst other scenes of interest in the neighbourhood of Pau, I must not forget one of a very humble and unobtrusive nature. It was the residence of John Haydock, a “canny” old Englishman, who had been a cotton-spinner at Blackburn, in Lancashire; and who, having established himself at Rouen during the peace of Amiens, has been a resident in France ever since. His business, it is said, answered sufficiently well for him at Rouen; but family considerations inducing him to leave that place, he bought a little property by the side of a beautiful stream at Juranson, in the vain hope of establishing a cotton-mill upon its banks. He is a most ingenious man, and an excellent mechanic; but, there being no trade in this place, all his curious inventions, of which he has a great number, are of little use; and it is to be feared his circumstances are sinking rather low. He has, however, a comfortable cottage, and a luxuriant garden, of which he is very proud. While watching his cheerful, honest English face, and listening to his Lancashire dialect, as pure as if he had left Blackburn but a week ago, it brought back to my memory many a well-remembered scene; and when he showed us his gooseberry bushes, here very rare, amongst his vines and peaches, and told us they bore a “terrible sight of fruit,” I could hardly believe I was so far distant from some of the English cottage-gardens which I had known in early life. The workshop of this ingenious man is a real curiosity. Amongst a variety of his own inventions, and other specimens of art, he showed us some stamps, of his own making, for printing Spanish cards, by which he was obtaining a trifling profit; and, though a strange occupation for an English cotton-spinner, it was evident, from the elegance of their design, that the man was fitted for a higher fate than to dwindle out his days in poverty. His wife, who is a Roman Catholic, says that he keeps his Bible hid on a shelf, lest it should be discovered by the priests; and that every Sunday afternoon he locks himself in his bedroom, to read it alone. There is much in the situation of this man to interest the English residents at Pau. The walk to his dwelling occupies but half an

hour, and its position is one of the most picturesque in the neighbourhood. It stands at the foot of a range of steep hills, whose sides are covered with vineyards, and on the banks of one of these fertilising streams which supply the air with freshness and the earth with verdure.—*Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.*

MOUNTAINS AND CAVERNS IN THE MOON.

[From the “Magazine of Science.”]

It is remarked by Dr Brewster—“The mountain scenery of the moon bears a stronger resemblance to the lowering sublimity and terrific ruggedness of the Alpine regions, than to the tamer inequalities of less elevated countries. Huge masses of rock rise at once from the plains, and raise their peaked summits to an immense height in the air, while projecting crags spring from their rugged flanks, and threatening the valleys below, seem to bid defiance to the laws of gravitation. Around the base of these frightful eminences are strewed numerous loose and unconnected fragments, which time seems to have detached from their parent mass; and when we examine the rents and ravines which accompany the overhanging cliffs, we expect every moment that they are to be torn from their base, and that the process of destructive separation which we had only contemplated in its effects, is about to be exhibited before us in tremendous reality. The mountains called the Apennines, which traverse a portion of the moon's disc from north-east to south-west, rise with a precipitous and craggy front from the level of the Mare Imbrum. In some places, their perpendicular elevation is above four miles; and though they often descend to a much lower level, they present an insuperable barrier to the north-east, while on the southwest they sink in gentle declivity to the plains.”

The caverns which are observed on the moon's surface, are no less remarkable than the rocks and mountains, some of them being three or four miles deep, and forty in diameter. A high angular ridge of rocks, marked with lofty peaks and little cavities, generally encircles them, an insulated mountain frequently rises in the centre, and sometimes they contain smaller cavities of the same nature with themselves. The hollows are most numerous in the south-west part of the moon, and it is from this cause that this part of the moon is more brilliant than any other part of her disc. The mountainous ridges which encircle the cavities, reflect the greatest quantity of light; and from their lying in every possible direction, they appear, near the time of full moon, like a number of brilliant radiations issuing from the smallest spot, called Tycho.

It is difficult to explain, with any degree of probability, the formation of these immense cavities. It is highly probable that the earth would assume the same figure, if all the seas and lakes were removed; and that the lunar cavities are either intended for the reception of water, or that they are the beds of lakes and seas which have formerly existed in the moon. The circumstance of there being no water in the moon, affords a strong proof of the truth of this theory.

THE NEBULAR THEORY.

The discoveries of astronomy have not only extended over the existing world of celestial bodies, but recent investigations have revealed the probable mode in which new worlds are called into being, and shown the process by which they are gradually and imperceptibly moulded into shape. Sir William Herschel and his no less gifted son Sir John, in conjunction with the French astronomer Laplace, had for a considerable period observed certain masses of luminous vapours in various portions of the heaven, and presenting various appearances in the course of their progress towards a definite form and character; some appearing as mere films of light, others as gathering into separate masses, others assuming something like a globular shape, while others presented a dense central nucleus of light, surrounded by a luminous mass like the tail of a comet; so that a series was thus to be observed, from groups of round bodies illuminated in their centres, to separate nebulae with single nuclei, to a central disc constituting a nebular star, and finally to an orb of light with a halo like our sun. By such a process it is conceived that our planetary system was formed. The sun is conceived to have been once a diffused nebulosity, a scattered mass of vapour, which has condensed into its present form; and during this process of condensation, it is believed the planets were successively thrown off—the most distant, as Herschel, being the first, followed by Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Earth, Venus, and Mercury. The assertion that the solid earth has condensed from a mass of vapour, will seem strange and startling to the mind unaccustomed to scientific inquiry; but when we reflect that water may be frozen into a substance, ice, which is as hard as a rock, or again may be melted into water, or sublimed into vapour, and again condensed into water, and frozen again into ice, or finally may, by chemical decomposition, be reduced to its two component gases, oxygen and hydrogen, we may cease to wonder at phenomena which are produced by the same laws, and may be explained on similar principles.—*British Queen and Statesman.*

LONDON: Published, with permission of the proprietors, by W. S. ORR, Paternoster Row.

Printed by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.